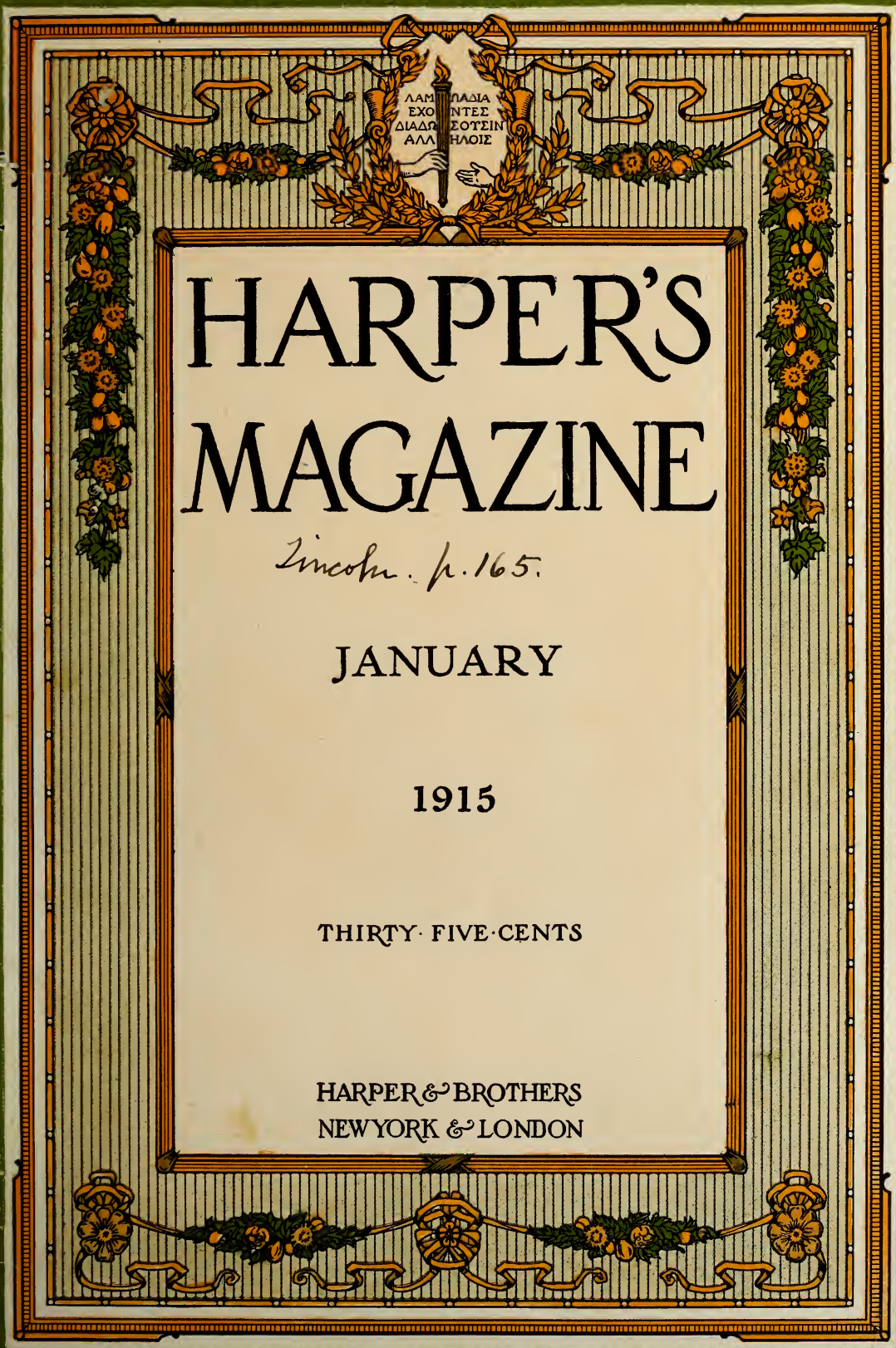
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MAGAZINE
Lincoln. p. 165.
JANUARY
1915
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NEW YORK & LONDON

# HARPER'S
## for FEBRUARY

### The Last Man to See Stefansson

was BURT MCCONNELL, the meteorologist of the recent Arctic expedition sent out under Mr. Stefansson's command by the Canadian government. With the survivors of the ill-fated *Karluk*, he has recently returned to this country. MR. MCCONNELL, in the February HARPER'S, tells the dramatic story of this expedition, the fate of which is still in doubt.

### John Hay's Diary

JOHN HAY went to Europe as a diplomat after the Civil War. He was Secretary of Legation at Paris and was presented to Napoleon III. Later he returned to Washington, where he knew intimately all the great figures of the Reconstruction days. The chapters of his unpublished diary giving a vivid picture of these periods are an intensely interesting feature of the February HARPER'S.

### Climate and Civilization

A notable article by ELLSWORTH HUNTINGTON in which he presents the results of his elaborate investigation of this most interesting subject—the influence of climate on civilization.

### The Soul of the Snow

A delightfully poetic tribute to the beauty of winter by RICHARD LE GALLIENNE. Illustrated with many remarkable snow pictures.

### Shipmates of the Coral Sea

NORMAN DUNCAN presents a vivid picture of a voyage from Sydney to Singapore —a voyage made doubly interesting by his keenly humorous study of the various strange specimens of humanity aboard ship.

### What Our Diplomatic Service Needs

Another of EX-AMBASSADOR HILL'S diplomatic dialogues in which the material needs of our diplomatic service are made plain.

### Seven Masterly Short Stories

A group which is particularly notable for its humor and its variety. Among the writers are MAUDE RADFORD WARREN, MAY SINCLAIR, ROY R. GARDNER, ARTHUR JOHNSON, EUGENE CLANCY, and ALMA MADDEN.

## Booth Tarkington's Great Serial
## "THE TURMOIL"

HARPER'S MAGAZINE

VOL. CXXX JANUARY, 1915 No. DCCLXXVI

# With Lincoln at the White House

*From the UNPUBLISHED DIARIES of JOHN HAY*

*Compiled and Edited by William Roscoe Thayer*

JOHN HAY stood on the platform at the Capitol when Lincoln was inaugurated on March 4, 1861; and he stood by the bedside in the little room in Tenth Street when Lincoln died, assassinated, on April 15, 1865. In the intervening four years he saw the great President in all his moods, on all sorts of occasions, with visitors great and small. In this paper I shall endeavor to make a mosaic, or composite portrait, from the young secretary's records of Lincoln in these various aspects.

The late Richard Watson Gilder once said: "Amid all the burdens he had to carry, Lincoln had one compensation—John Hay for a companion." And it is evident from every page of the diary that Hay was a most sympathetic companion. He revered Lincoln's character, delighted in his humor, and still kept the artist's detachment which enabled him to set down clearly what he saw clearly. Reverence did not blind him to the droll or homely side of his hero. By his combination of discernment, vivacity, and literary ability, Hay was the ideal diarist for those unique four years in the White House. We can only regret that his incessant duties prevented him from making an uninterrupted chronicle of the entire period.

For a long time after Lincoln became President not only the public, but officials at Washington and the members of his own Cabinet, failed to discover that he was a masterful man. Belief in his mediocrity—not to say incompetence—was summed up in Seward's astounding letter, in which he said that if the President would allow the Secretary of State to run the administration all would go well; and he hinted that, as the inexperienced Western politician could not be expected to understand such difficult business, he was fortunate in having a great Eastern statesman to instruct him. It is to the credit of Nicolay and Hay that they early perceived that Lincoln was not merely an odd and unconventional figure, but a leader of extraordinary ability.

From the outset, life in the White House, like that of the Lincolns in their Springfield home, was very simple. The President himself could never be harnessed into conventions, whether of dress or ceremony. He allowed every one to approach him, with the result that the halls, corridors, and rooms of the Executive Mansion swarmed with office-hunters of both sexes, besides idlers, curiosity-seekers, and persons who had some business to call them there. Hay and Nicolay did their best to screen him from the selfish and the importunate, and his older friends begged him to save

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his strength from this unnecessary drain; but Lincoln held that, as the President belonged to the people, he ought to be accessible to every one.

The danger that might come to him from being unprotected did not weigh upon Lincoln. His farmer cousin, Robert Lincoln, told Hay long afterward that in 1860 he talked to "Abe" about assassination. "Abe said: 'I never injured anybody. No one is going to injure me.' "

And yet Fort Sumter had scarcely been fired upon before Hay's attention was called directly to this possibility. Late in the evening of April 18th two ladies asked to see the President. Hay received them and found that one of them was Mrs. Lander, a popular actress of that generation, who, "after many hesitating and bashful trials," explained their errand:

Some young Virginian—long-haired, swaggering, chivalrous of course, and indirect friend—had come into town in great anxiety for a new saddle, and, meeting her, had said that he and half a dozen others, including a daredevil guerrilla from Richmond, named F., would do a thing within forty-eight hours that would ring through the world. Connecting this central fact with a multiplicity of attendant details, she concluded that the President was either to be assassinated or captured. They went away, and I went to the bedside of the Chief *couché*. I told him the yarn. He quietly grinned.

Hay adds:

I had to do some very dexterous lying to calm the awakened fears of Mrs. Lincoln.

With the overt act of war in South Carolina, to which Lincoln responded with a call for seventy-five thousand volunteers, the White House was turned into a barracks. A command of Jay Hawkers from Kansas, with "some of the best material in the East," occupied the East Room. Threats of an attack on the Executive Mansion and rumors that the President was to be kidnapped kept Hay on the alert, both being under his special care.

About midnight [he says] we made a tour of the house. Hunter and the Italian exile Vivaldi were quietly asleep on the floor of the East Room, and a young and careless guard loafed around the furnace fires in the basement; good-looking and energetic young fellows, too good to be food for gunpowder—if anything is.

The blocking of the passage of Union troops through Baltimore caused, and with reason, the greatest alarm. Conservative Baltimoreans, fearing that the government might make reprisals, hurried to the White House.

They spoke of the danger of the North being roused to fury by the bloodshed of to-day [April 19] and pouring in an avalanche over the border. The President most solemnly assured them there was no danger. "Our people," he said, "are easily influenced by reason. They have determined to prosecute this matter with energy, but with the most temperate spirit."

Meanwhile, all eyes and hopes were fixed on the coming of the relieving troops.

This morning [Hay records on April 21st] we mounted the battlements of the Executive Mansion, and the Ancient took a long look down the bay. It was a "water-haul."

Though inwardly in great distress, Lincoln preserved in public his usual unruffled manner, and so successfully that strangers thought him either indifferent or shallow. Only once, in his private office, after peering down the Potomac for the ships which were to bring the troops, believing himself to be alone, he exclaimed, "with irrepressible anguish," "Why don't they come! Why don't they come!"

On April 25th the blockade was raised; and the President, who "seemed to be in a pleasant, hopeful mood," said:

"I intend, at present, always leaving an opportunity for change of mind—to fill Fortress Monroe with men and stores; blockade the ports effectually; provide for the entire safety of the capital; keep them quietly employed in this way, and then go down to Charleston and pay her the little debt we are owing her."

Washington began to swarm with strange figures.

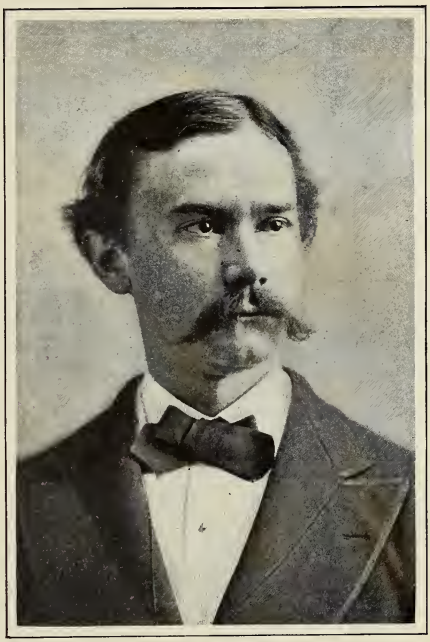
It was melodramatic to see Cassius Clay come into the President's reception to-day [Hay writes]. He wore with sublimely unconscious air three pistols and an Arkansas tooth-pick, and looked like an admirable vignette to twenty-five cents' worth of yellow-covered romance.

Another frequent visitor to the White House in those days was Carl Schurz, the young German exile, who fled from despotism at home to become one of the most genuine of Americans.

The Seventh Regiment band played gloriously on the shaven lawn at the south front of the Executive Mansion [Hay records on April 26th]. The scene was very beautiful. Through the luxuriant grounds the gaily dressed crowd idly strolled, soldiers loafed on the promenades, the martial music filled the sweet air with vague suggestion of heroism, and C. Schurz and the President talked war.

A fortnight later, while the Marine Band played on the south lawn, Schurz sat with Lincoln on the balcony.

After the President had kissed some thousand children, Carl went into the library and developed a new accomplishment. He played with great skill and feeling, sitting in the dusk twilight at the piano until the President came by and took him down to tea. Schurz is a wonderful man. An orator, a soldier, a philosopher, an exiled patriot, a skilled musician! He has every quality of romance and of dramatic picturesqueness.



JOHN HAY
At the time of his Secretaryship to President Lincoln

In the diary things great and small are sprinkled together, just as they are in life. Here are two trifles which, nevertheless, were worth jotting down:

Three Indians of the Pottawattomies called to-day upon their Great Father. The President amused them greatly by airing the two or three Indian words he knew. I was amused by his awkward efforts to make himself understood by speaking bad English—*e. g.*, "Where live now? When go back Iowa?"

*October 21, 1863*,—B. came in this morning with a couple of very intelligent East-Tennesseans. They talked in a very friendly way with the President. I never saw him more at ease than he is with those first-rate patriots of the border. He is of them really. They stood up before a map of the mountain country and talked war for a good while.

And here, under date May 7, 1861, is matter of capital importance:

I went in to give the President some little items of Illinois news [Hay writes], saying, among other things, that S. was behaving very badly. He replied with emphasis that S. was a miracle of meanness; calmly looking out of the window at the smoke of two strange steamers puffing up the way, resting the end of the telescope on his toes sublime.

Hay referred to Browning's suggestion that the North should subjugate the South, exterminate the whites, set up a black republic, and protect the negroes "while they raised our cotton."

"Some of our Northerners seem bewildered and dazzled by the excitement of the hour," Lincoln replied. "Doolittle seems inclined to think that this war is to result in the entire abolition of slavery. Old Colonel Hamilton, a venerable and most respectable gentleman, impresses upon me most earnestly the propriety of enlisting the slaves in our army." (I told him his daily correspondence was thickly interspersed by such suggestions.) "For my own part," he said, "I consider the central idea pervading this struggle is the necessity that is upon us of proving that popular government is not an absurdity. We must settle this question now, whether in a free government the minority have the right to break up the government whenever they choose. If we fail,

it will go far to prove the incapability of the people to govern themselves. There may be one consideration used in stay of such final judgment, but that is not for us to use in advance: That is, that there exists in our case an instance of a vast and far-reaching disturbing element, which the history of no other free nation will probably ever present. That, however, is not for us to say at present. Taking the government as we found it, we will see if the majority can preserve it."

This statement, spoken offhand to his secretary, reveals the foundation of Lincoln's judgment on the War of the Rebellion: there was at stake something more precious than the preservation of the Union, something more urgent than the abolition of slavery—and that was Democracy. Two years and a half later, in his address at Gettysburg, he put into one imperishable sentence the thought of which this was the germ.

The President's unconventional habits come in for playful mention. On hearing that the son of an Irish earl was about to visit Washington, Hay writes to a friend:

I hope W. will find it out and by way of showing him a delicate attention take him to the observational settee whence, on clear afternoons, is to be seen, windows favoring, the Presidential ensarking and bifurcate dischrysalisizing.

By the autumn of 1861 the White House settled into the routine of war, in which the constant expectation of news from the front, and the dread lest it be bad news, caused an incalculable strain. The first of these bitter experiences, and perhaps the worst, occurred during the night after the rout and panic of First Bull Run, when Lincoln stayed till morning in his office, hearing reports from fugitives and taking steps to defend Washington against the expected Rebel attack.

The following spring the capital was again thrown into consternation by the terrible Rebel gunboat, the *Merrimac*.

Sunday morning, the 9th of March, the news of the *Merrimac's* frolic came here. Stanton was fearfully stampeded. He said they would capture our fleet, take Fort Monroe, be in Washington before night. The President thought it was a great bore, but blew less than Stanton. As the day went on the news grew better. And at four o'clock the telegraph was completed, and we heard of the splendid performance of the *Monitor*.

Lincoln, however, seldom showed alarm over bad news from the field. Disappointment he did not hide, but he would not admit discouragement. How finely he controlled himself appears in this snap-shot record at the time of Second Bull Run:

Everything seemed to be going well and hilarious on Saturday [August 30, 1862, writes Hay], and we went to bed expecting glad tidings at sunrise. But about eight o'clock the President came to my room as I was dressing and, calling me out, said: "Well, John, we are whipped again, I am afraid. The enemy reinforced on Pope and drove back his left wing, and he has retired on Centreville, where he says he will be able to hold his men. I don't like that expression. I don't like to hear him admit that his men need holding."

After a while, however, things began to look better, and people's spirits rose as the heavens cleared. The President was in a singularly defiant tone of mind. He often repeated, "We must hurt this enemy before it goes away." And this morning, Monday [September 1st], he said to me, when I made a remark in regard to the bad look of things: "No, Mr. Hay; we must whip these people now. Pope must fight them; if they are too strong for him, he can gradually retire to these fortifications. If this be not so—if we are really whipped, and to be whipped—we may as well stop fighting."

Lincoln's nocturnal visits to the little room where the young secretary slept were due sometimes to his desire to tell the latest news and sometimes to share a good story or to relieve his own sleeplessness by a little talk with a sympathetic listener. Hay saw the ludicrous side not less than the deep human side of these apparitions. Thus he records, on April 30, 1864:

A little after midnight, as I was writing those last lines, the President came into the office laughing, with a volume of Hood's works in his hand, to show Nicolay and me the little caricature, "An Unfortunate Beeing," seemingly utterly unconscious that he, with his short shirt hanging about his long legs, and setting out behind like the tail-feathers of an enormous ostrich, was infinitely funnier than anything in the book he was laughing at. What a man it is! Occupied all day with matters of vast moment, deeply anxious about the fate of the greatest

army of the world, with his own plans and future hanging on the events of the passing hour, he yet has such a wealth of simple *bonhomie* and good-fellowship that he gets out of bed and perambulates the house in his shirt to find us, that we may share with him the fun of poor Hood's queer little conceits.

A few weeks later there is reference to a similar visit, with mention of Lincoln's weight:

The President came in last night in his shirt and told me of the retirement of the enemy from his works at Spottsylvania, and our pursuit. I complimented him on the amount of underpinning he still has left, and he said he weighed one hundred and eighty pounds. Important if true.

Although Hay was officially rated as one of the President's secretaries, and drew his small salary as a departmental clerk, his service in the White House was really that of a factotum. He drove out with Mrs. Lincoln; he made friends with the President's two younger sons, of whom the lively William died during the first year in the White House; he accompanied the President on personal or public business. Once, when they went to inspect the statuary of the east pediment of the Capitol, the President, with the eye of an expert, objected to the statue of the wood-chopper, "as he did not make a sufficiently clean cut." On two evenings they tried a new repeating rifle, with which "the President made some pretty good shots." An irrepressible patriot came up and, "seeing the gun recoil slightly, said it wouldn't do—too much powder; a good piece of audience shouldn't rekyle; if it did at all, it should rekyle a little forrid." On another evening they visited the Observatory, where "the President took a look at the moon and Arcturus.

CASSIUS M. CLAY
Previous to his appointment as Major-General in the Army
From the collection of Frederick H. Meserve

I went with him to the Soldiers' Home, and he read Shakespeare to me—the end of 'Henry V.' and the beginning of 'Richard III.'—till my heavy eyelids caught his considerate notice and he sent me to bed."

Lincoln "read Shakespeare more than all other writers together," and he went occasionally to the theater. His favorite plays were "Hamlet," "Macbeth," and the histories, especially "Richard II." He often quoted from the last the amaranthine passage beginning:

Let us sit upon the ground,
And tell sad stories of the death of kings.

For relaxation he turned to Thomas Hood and to Artemus Ward, Nasby, and other professional jokers of the time. But most of his evenings he spent in his office, unless there was a dinner-party.

On December 13, 1863, Hackett, the actor, passed the evening at the White House, and in their talk the President showed "a very intimate knowledge of those plays of Shakespeare where Falstaff figures. He was particularly anxious to know why one of the best scenes in the play—that where Falstaff and Prince Hal alternately assume the char-

acter of the king — is omitted in the representation. Hackett says it is admirable to read, but ineffective on the stage." Two nights later the President took his secretaries to Ford's Theater to see Hackett as Falstaff in "Henry IV." He thought that Hackett misread the line, "mainly *thrust* at me," which should be "mainly thrust at *me*." Hay dissented. "The President thinks the dying speech of Hotspur an unnatural and unworthy thing — and who does not?"

I went last night to a Sacred Concert of profane music at Ford's [Hay writes in his whimsical vein to Nicolay, June 20, 1864]. Young Kretchmar and old Kretchpar were running it. Hs. and H. both sang—and they kin if anybody kin. The Tycoon and I occupied a private box, and both of us carried on a hefty flirtation with the M. girls in the flies.

Here is the first record of a famous saying:

The President to-night [December 23, 1863] had a dream. He was in a party of plain people, and as it became known who he was they began to comment on his appearance. One of them said, "He is a very common-looking man." The President replied: "The Lord prefers common-looking people. That is the reason He makes so many of them."

Under date September 23, 1862, we have a still more memorable entry:

The President wrote the [Emancipation] Proclamation on Sunday morning [September 21st] carefully. He called the Cabinet together on Monday, September 22d, made a little talk to them, and read the momentous document. Mr. Blair and Mr. Bates made objections; otherwise the Cabinet was unanimous. The next day Mr. Blair, who had promised to file his objections, sent a note stating that, as his objections were only to the time of the act, he would not file them lest they should be subject to misconstruction.

I told the President of the serenade that was coming, and asked if he would make any remarks. He said no; but he did say half a dozen words, and said them with great grace and dignity. I spoke to him about the editorials in the leading papers. He said he had studied the matter so long that he knew more about it than they did.

At Governor Chase's there was some talking after the serenade. Chase and Clay made speeches, and the crowd was in a glorious humor. After the crowd went away, to force Mr. Bates [Attorney-General] to say something, a few old fogies stayed at the Governor's and drank wine. . . . They all seemed to feel a sort of new and exhilarated life; they breathed freer; the President's Proclamation had freed them as well as the slaves. They gleefully and merrily called one another and themselves Abolitionists, and seemed to enjoy the novel accusation of appropriating that horrible name.

After General Grant began operations in Virginia, Lincoln paid more than one visit to the army. Hay records, on June 23, 1864, his return from headquarters:

The President arrived to-day from the front, sunburnt and fagged, but still refreshed and cheered. He found the army in fine health, good position, and good spirits; Grant quietly confident; he says, quoting the Richmond papers, it may be a long summer's day before he does his work, but that he is as sure of doing it as he is of anything in the world. Sheridan is now on a raid, the purpose of which is to sever the connection at junction of the Richmond and Danville railroads at Burk's, while the army is swinging around to the south of Petersburg and taking possession of the roads in that direction.

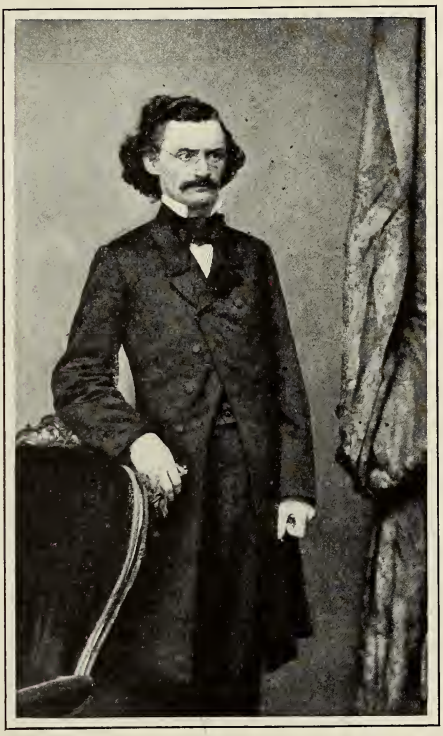
Significant was Grant's remark to the President that "when McPherson or Sherman or Sheridan or [James H.] Wilson is gone on any outside expedition, he feels perfectly secure about them, knowing that, while they are liable to any of the ordinary mischances of war, there is no danger of their being whipped in any but a legitimate way." Grant "seems to arrive at his conclusions without any intermediate reasoning process, giving his orders with the greatest rapidity and with great detail. Uses the theoretical staff-officers very little," one of his subordinates told Lincoln.

Newspaper criticism rarely disturbed Lincoln, but he followed it closely in order to watch the shifts in public opinion. He was very much amused when at the beginning of the war the New York *Times* warned him that his Cabinet must resign at once and that he would be deposed. The New York *Tribune* was cantankerously hostile; the New York *Herald* blew cold; the *World* was hotly abusive. Still, the President

neither retaliated nor bore a grudge. Of two other editors Hay writes:

The President, loafing into my room, picked up a paper and read the Richmond *Examiner's* recent attack on Jeff Davis. It amused him. "Why," said he, "the *Examiner* seems about as fond of Jeff as the [New York] *World* is of me."

*September 23, 1864,* — Senator Harlan thinks that [J. G.] Bennett's[1] support is so important, especially considered as to its bearing on the soldier vote, that it would pay to offer him a foreign mission for it, and so told me. Forney has also had a man talking to the cannie Scot, who asked plumply, "Will I be a welcome visitor at the White House if I support Mr. Lincoln?" What a horrible question for a man to be able to ask! So thinks the President apparently. It is probable that Bennett will stay about as he is—thoroughly neutral—balancing carefully until the October elections, and will then declare for the side which he thinks will win. It is better in many respects to let him alone.



CARL SCHURZ
At the time of Hay's first meeting with him
From the collection of Frederick H. Meserve

The diary indicates how much uncertainty was felt at the White House over Lincoln's re-election in 1864. It confirms also other reports of Lincoln's disinterestedness. He wished to be re-elected in order to finish the work of suppressing the rebellion and re-establishing the Union, but if any one else could do this better he would stand aside.

His chief competitor for the Republican nomination was a member of his own Cabinet, Salmon P. Chase, the Secretary of the Treasury. Although Lincoln knew of Chase's intrigues, he apparently did nothing to thwart them. Hay, on returning from a trip to New York, told the President what he had heard there of Chase's efforts "in trying to cut under" for the Republican nomination.

[Lincoln said] it was very bad taste, but he had determined to shut his eyes to all these performances; that Chase made a good Secretary, and that he would keep him where he is. "If he becomes President, all right! I hope we may never have a worse man. I have all along seen clearly his plan of strengthening himself. Whenever he sees that an important matter is troubling me, if I am compelled to decide it in a way to give offense to a man of some influence, he always ranges himself in opposition to me and persuades the victim that he [Chase] would have arranged it very differently. It was so with General Frémont; with General Hunter, when I annulled his hasty proclamation; with General Butler, when he was recalled from New Orleans; with the Missouri people, when they called the other day. I am entirely indifferent to his success or failure in these schemes so long as he does his duty as the head of the Treasury Department."

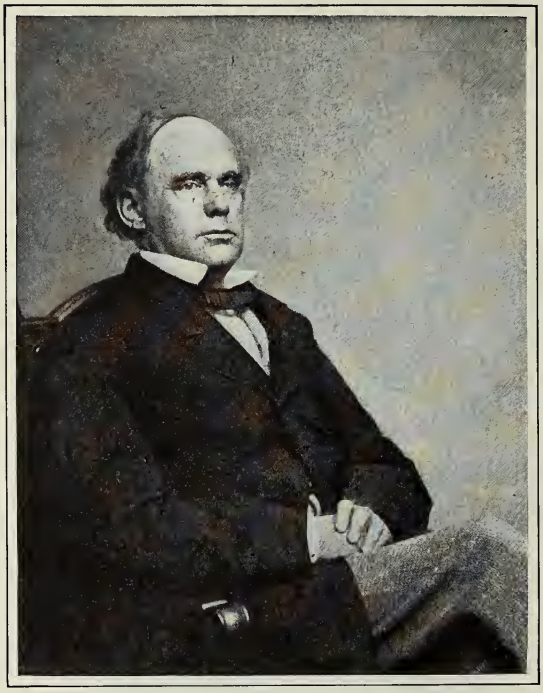
Magnanimity such as this has had few parallels. It would be unthinkable in the case of a Richelieu or a Frederick or a Bismarck.

Lincoln continued to appoint, at Chase's suggestion, officials who would work in Chase's interest. When Hay remonstrated, "he laughed, and said

[1] Editor of the *New York Herald.*

he was sorry the thing had begun, for, though the matter did not annoy him, his friends insisted that it ought to." But by an adroit turn of the tables the President, supporting Seward in the raid which the Senate made on Seward, caused the too-impetuous Chase to resign. Chase supposed that he would thereby bring the President to terms. Far from it.

"When Chase sent in his resignation [the "backwoods Jupiter" said to Hay] I saw that the game was in my own hands, and I put it through. When I had settled this important business at last with much labor and to my entire satisfaction, into my room one day walked D. D. Field and G. Opdyke, and began a new attack upon me to remove Seward. For once in my life I rather gave my temper the rein, and I talked to those men pretty damned plainly. Opdyke may be right in being cool to me. I may have given him reason this morning." [October 30, 1863.]



SALMON P. CHASE
Secretary of the Treasury under President Lincoln

Another of Lincoln's characteristic traits—his mercifulness—appears in this episode:

To-day [July 18, 1863] we spent six hours deciding on court-martials—the President, Judge Holt, and I. I was amused at the eagerness with which the President caught at any fact which would justify him in saving the life of a condemned soldier. He was only merciless in cases where meanness or cruelty was shown. Cases of cowardice he was specially averse to punishing with death. He said it would frighten the poor fellows too terribly to shoot them. . . . One fellow who had deserted, and escaped after conviction into Mexico, he sentenced, saying, "We will condemn him as they used to sell hogs in Indiana, as they run."

Lincoln possessed that power of resilience without which even master statesmen cannot carry through such a task as his. Thus, on August 7, 1863, only a month after Gettysburg, Hay writes to Nicolay:

The Tycoon is in fine whack. I have rarely seen him more serene and busy. He is managing this war, the draft, foreign relations, and planning a reconstruction of the Union all at once. I never knew with what a tyrannous authority he rules the Cabinet till now. The most important things he decides, and there is no cavil. I am growing more convinced that the good of the country absolutely demands that he should be kept where he is till this thing is over. There is no man in the country so wise, so gentle, and so firm.

On August 9, 1863, Hay says:

This being Sunday and a fine day, I went down with the President to have his picture taken at Gardner's. He was in very good spirits. He thinks that the rebel power is at last beginning to disintegrate; that they will break to pieces if we only stand firm now. Referring to the controversy between two factions at Richmond, one of whom believed still in foreign intervention, Northern treason, and other chimeras, and the other, the administrative party, trusts to nothing but

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

Painted for "Harper's Magazine" by Howard Pyle, 1907

the army, he said: [Jefferson] "Davis is right. His army is his only hope, not only against us, but against his own people. If that were crushed, the people would be ready to swing back to their old bearings."

One of Lincoln's informal remarks to Hay will interest those who study the constitutional aspect of the war. In his message to Congress, in December, 1863, the President set forth his view on the seceding states. Senator Sumner, who usually criticized Lincoln, now spoke with great gratification of the message. On hearing this

The President repeated [to Hay] what he has often said before, that there is no essential contest between loyal men on this subject, if they consider it reasonably. The only question is: Who constitute the state? When that is decided, the solution of subsequent questions is easy. He says that he wrote in the message originally that he considered the discussion as to whether a state has been at any time out of the Union as vain and profitless. We know that they were—we trust they shall be—in the Union. It does not greatly matter whether in the mean time they shall be considered to have been in or out. But he afterward considered that the 4th Section, 4th Article of the Constitution empowers him to grant protection to states in the Union, and it will not do ever to admit that these states have at any time been out. So he erased that sentence as possibly suggestive of evil. He preferred, he said, to stand firmly based on the Constitution rather than work in the air.

Memorable is Hay's account of the trip to Gettysburg, where President Lincoln spoke at the consecration of the Soldiers' Cemetery. The Presidential party left Washington on November 18, 1863.

On our train were the President, Seward, Usher, and Blair; Nicolay and myself; Mercier and Admiral Raynaud; Bertinatti and Captain Isola, and Lieutenant Martinez; Cora and Mrs. Wise; Wayne MacVeagh; McDougal of Canada, and one or two others. We had a pleasant sort of trip. At Baltimore Schenck's staff joined us.

Just before we arrived at Gettysburg the President got into a little talk with MacVeagh about Missouri affairs. MacVeagh talked radicalism until he learned he was talking recklessly. . . .

At Gettysburg the President went to Mr. Wills's, who expected him, and our party broke like a drop of quicksilver spilled. MacVeagh, young Stanton, and I foraged around for a while — walked out to the College, got a chafing-dish of oysters, then some supper, and, finally, loafing around to the Court House, where Lamon was holding a meeting of marshals, we found Forney, and went around to his place, Mr. Fahnestock's, and drank a little whiskey with him. He had been drinking a good deal during the day, and was getting to feel a little ugly and dangerous. He was particularly bitter on M[ontgomery] Blair. MacVeagh was telling him that he pitched into the Tycoon coming up and told him some truths. He said the President got a good deal of that, from time to time, and needed it.

We went out after a while, following the music to hear the serenades. The President appeared at the door, said half a dozen words meaning nothing, and went in. Seward, who was staying around the corner at Harper's, was called out, and spoke so indistinctly that I did not hear a word of what he was saying. Forney and MacVeagh were still growling about Blair. We went back to Forney's room, having picked up Nicolay, and drank more whiskey. Nicolay sang his little song of the "Three Thieves," and we then sang "John Brown." At last we proposed that Forney should make a speech, and two or three started out . . . to get a band to serenade him. I stayed with him; so did Stanton and MacVeagh. He still growled, quietly, and I thought he was going to do something imprudent.

Then follows an account of the serenade and of the bibulous Forney's speech, in which in tipsy fashion he mingled drollery and gravity. When the crowd greeted him with shouts he said:

My friends, these are the first hearty cheers I have heard to-night. You gave no such cheers to your President down the street. Do you know what you owe to that great man? You owe your country—you owe your name as American citizens."

After "very much of this," Hay adds:

W. MacVeagh made a most touching and beautiful spurt of five minutes, and Judge Stevenson of Pennsylvania spoke effectively and acceptably to the people. "That speech [of Forney's] must not be written out yet," says Young as we went up-stairs. "He will see further about it when he gets sober." We sang "John Brown" and went home.

Quite Shakespearian is this low-comedy interlude, coming just before the stately scene of consecration. Perhaps,

after all, nature sometimes emulates Shakespeare.

In the morning [of the 19th, Hay continues] I got a beast and rode out with the President and suite to the cemetery in the procession. The procession formed itself in an orphanly sort of way and moved out with very little help from anybody; and after a little delay Mr. Everett took his place on the stand, and Mr. Stockton made a prayer which thought it was an oration; and Mr. Everett spoke as he always does, perfectly; and the President, in a firm, free way, with more grace than is his wont, said his half-dozen lines of consecration; and the music wailed, and we went home through crowded and cheering streets.

Though brief, Hay's description of the delivery of the Gettysburg address serves. In the History, he and Nicolay devote a dozen pages to the occasion, and, writing by the light of a quarter of a century, they assign to it an immediate recognition which few of those who heard it were aware of.

On November 22, 1863, he notes that "the President is very anxious about Burnside." On the 24th the tone changes:

To-night the President said he was much relieved at hearing from Foster that there was firing at Knoxville yesterday. He said anything showing that Burnside was not overwhelmed was cheering: "Like Sallie Carter, when she heard one of her children squall, would say, 'There goes one of my young ones—not dead yet, bless the Lord!'"

The elections of October, 1864, went far to relieve the anxiety of the President's supporters. He, with Hay, heard the returns at the War Department. Indiana, Pennsylvania, Illinois, New York sent Republican indications early.

The President in a lull of despatches took from his pocket the *Nasby Papers* and read several chapters of the experiences of the saint and martyr Petroleum V. They were immensely amusing. Stanton and Dana enjoyed them scarcely less than the President, who read on, *con amore*, until nine o'clock.

Reports from the hospitals and camps showed wide differences of opinion among the voters. The Ohio troops voted about ten to one for Union, but "Carver Hospital, by which Stanton and Lincoln pass every day on their way to the country, gave the heaviest opposition vote—about one out of three. Lincoln says, 'That's hard on us, Stanton; they know us better than the others.'"

The Presidential election took place on November 8th. The White House, Hay reports, was still and almost deserted throughout the day. The President said to him:

"It is a little singular that I, who am not a vindictive man, should have always been before the people for election in canvasses marked for their bitterness — always but once. When I came to Congress it was a quiet time. But always, besides that, the contests in which I have been prominent have been marked with great rancor."

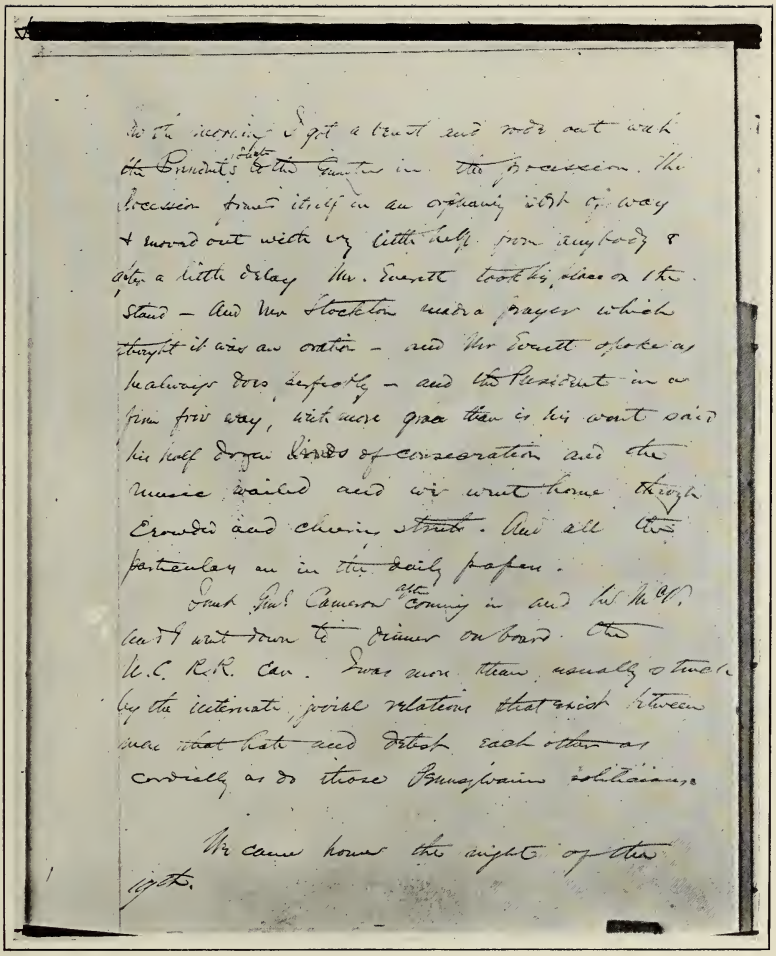
That evening they spent at the War Department. From the first the returns were most encouraging, and Lincoln's good humor added to the gaiety of the company. When Eckert came in, "very disreputably muddy," the Tycoon was reminded of a story.

"For such an awkward fellow," he said, "I am pretty sure-footed. It used to take a pretty dexterous man to throw me. I remember the evening of the day in 1858 that decided the contest for the Senate between Mr. Douglas and myself was something like this—dark, rainy, and gloomy. I had been reading the returns and had ascertained that we had lost the legislature, and started to go home. The path had been worn hog-backed, and was slippery. My foot slipped from under me, knocking the other one out of the way, but I recovered myself and lit square; and I said to myself, '*It's a slip, and not a fall.*'"

When Fox, Assistant Secretary of the Navy, said that retribution had overtaken Hale and Winter Davis, "two fellows that have been specially malignant to us," Lincoln replied:

"You have more of that feeling of personal resentment than I. Perhaps I may have too little of it, but I never thought it paid. A man has not time to spend half his life in quarrels. If any man ceases to attack me, I never remember the past against him."

Toward midnight [Hay adds, in his memorandum of this historic occasion] we had supper. The President went awkwardly and hospitably to work shoveling out the fried oysters. He was most agreeable and genial all the evening. . . . Captain Thomas came up with a band about half-past two and made some music. The President answered from the window with rather unusual dignity and effect, and we came home.



A PAGE FROM HAY'S DIARY
Recounting Lincoln's visit to Gettysburg. November 19, 1863

Hay has left almost no record of his last months in the White House. Tired of secretary's work and eager to see active service in the field, he resigned. At the President's request, he stayed on until April. Quite unexpectedly the Secretary of State appointed him first Secretary of Legation at Paris. Just a fortnight after Hay wrote to his brother to announce this change of plan his life at the White House and his association with his great companion came to a tragic end.

Hay writes as follows of the way in which the news of Lincoln's assassination reached the White House:

> A crowd of people rushed instinctively to the White House and, bursting through the doors, shouted the dreadful news to Robert Lincoln and Major Hay, who sat gossiping in an upper room. . . . They ran downstairs. Finding a carriage at the door, they entered it and drove to Tenth Street.

Hay watched near the head of the President's bed throughout the night. Gradually the slow and regular breathing grew fainter, and the "automatic moaning" ceased.

A look of unspeakable peace came upon his worn features. At twenty-two minutes after seven he died. Stanton broke the silence by saying, "Now he belongs to the ages."

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